

She rolled over, undoing the strap on her bikini to avoid the white line on her back, putting her head on her arms and settling in, undulating into a position of comfort like a shiny albino sea lion.

Clete, the next-door neighbor, out watering his garden, looked over the fence and quickly looked away, saying, "Oh jeez."

Jeffrey, the paperboy, rang the doorbell, trying to collect from Ruth and Ellis. Nobody answered. But he knew somebody was home, he could hear the television. He walked around to the side gate and opened it, sticking his head through to look into the back yard. Ruth rose up at the sound of the creaking hinges, one huge, doughy breast breaking free from her bikini top and hanging down toward the lawn. Jeffrey pulled back and leaned against the cool stucco wall, gasping for breath as a snowy egret fell from the sky, landing with a thud at his feet.

THE LITTLE DIGGERS

Rusty, Chuck and Nadine's floppy-eared, formerly libidinous little dachshund laid moaning in the three-sided cardboard box with the blanket in the bottom: they'd had him fixed.

"No more roaming for you, Romeo," said Nadine as he came out of the anesthesia.

Two doors down, Juanita was doing some moaning too: her Ginger, a bug-eyed, spindly-legged Chihuahua, had just given birth to a litter of mongrel puppies, the length of their bodies leaving little doubt as to their paternity.

"Rusty," she hissed, "You stepped out with Rusty." Ginger wouldn't look her in the eye.

Chuck brought in a bowl of fresh ground round and set it in front of Rusty's bed. "Hey fella, how you feelin'?"

Rusty gave him a pit bull glare and went back to licking his bag, a black, wrinkled, pitted prune with stitches.

They'll probably dig up my yard, thought Juanita, everyone knows what diggers dachshunds are. She picked one up. It squirmed and cheeped, moving its head back and forth on its weak neck, blindly searching for a tit. It whimpered and Juanita stroked the soft fur, ashamed of her impetuous plan to fill the laundry sink in the garage and be done with them. She laid him back down in the bed where he

crawled through the bodies of his siblings to find the warmth and nourishment of his mother.

THE COMEDIAN WITH THE BIG MOUTH

Ruth and Ellis had stage-side seats at the Club Chistoso, and the comedian chose Ellis to harass. He always picked on a bald, middle-aged man to make a fool of; they were so easy, and so much fun. He snatched Ellis' strawberry Margarita, in its high-stemmed, wide-mouthed glass, and held it up for the crowd to see: "This is what the real macho guys drink, folks. I mean, (to Ellis) what the hell is this? It's pink, for cryin' out loud. I mean, (to the audience) I bet the Vikings would quaff a few of these babies before goin' ashore and raping and plundering. What do you think?"

The audience roared with laughter.

The comedian returns to the embarrassed Ellis: "Mind if I try it, pal?"

Ellis, looking like he'd prefer to be sitting under the table, nods yes.

A long slimy tongue emerges from the comedian's mouth, like a thick pink snail's head, and dips down into the drink, all the way to the bottom of the glass. The audience lets out a disgusted, "OH!" The ladies squirm in their chairs. The comedian laps some of the fluid into his mouth, like a dog, then inserts the entire eight-inch-diameter rim of the glass into his mouth, stretching his rubbery lips into a big 'O.' And he tilts his head back.

The pink fluid disappears and the stem of the glass points skyward, like a miniature crystal antennae. The crowd giggled, then broke into gales of laughter as the comedian gargled, the pink fluid bubbling and splashing like a bloody, boiling hot spring. When he looked back down and popped the glass out of his mouth, he found himself face to face with Ellis' wife Ruth, a stocky fireplug of a woman in a Hawaiian print muu muu and a stiff blue bouffant. She says, "That drink cost two fifty, dude. Fork over or you're dead meat."

So what's the comedian think: he thinks management's playing a joke on him and, ever poised, he accuses the woman of being the heavyweight champion of the world, in drag. He found out that, for all intents and purposes, she might as well be.